Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to early for new married Ladies,
Bassia. *Lauinia*, how say you? (more.
Lauinia. I say no: I haue bene broad awake two houres &
Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.
Marcus. I haue doggs my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest promontary top.
Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine.
Deme. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherite it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louely *Aron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the cheerefull sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling winde,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd hornes,

As if a double hunt were heard
Let vs sit downe and marke the
And after conflict such as was
The wandring Prince and *Di*
When with a happy storme the
And curtaind with a counsaile-
We may each wreathed in the o
(Our pastimes done) possesse a
Whiles hounds and hornes, and
Be vnto vs as is a Nurses song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe
Aron. Madame, though *Ven*
Saturne is dominator ouer min
What signifies my deadly stan
My silence, and my cloudy me
My fleece of Woolly haire tha
Euen as an Adder when she do
To do some fatall execution?
No Madam, these are no venet
Vengeance is in my heart, dea
Blood and reuenge are hammer
Harke *Tamora* the Empresse o
Which neuer hopes more heau
This is the day of doome for *B*
His *Philomel* must loose her to
Thy sonnes make pillage of he
And wash their hands in *Bassia*
Seest thou this letter, take it v
And giue the King this fatall-p
Now question me no more we
Heere comes a parcell of our h
Which dreads not yet their liu

Enter Bassianus

Tamora. Ah my sweete *M*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.